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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Music World.

O element of love, of life, of bliss!
O flame divine, around whose cheering light
Whole troops of joys touch their bright wings and
Balm of all sorrow, unalloyed delight, [kiss —
Opening sweet spheres, O lovelier far than this!
Subtlest, sweetest Inspiration
E'er up-lifted ardent soul —
Deeper heart-improvisation
Than in words could ever roll —
Beauty so strangely sweet, we cannot know
But only feel the spell that binds us so,
While the heart lies as in a magic bark
Floating on sunny waves away, away,
Where never falls the tyrannizing dark
Of earthly fate over its infinite day.

How oft to moods too deep for words
My soul has been attuned by thee,
When lost amid the heaving chords
I rose and sank as on a sea!

I have no speech for themes like this;
I cannot tell what's told to me.

I only feel a spirit-kiss —
Some brooding spell of harmony;

Some far off day's faint glimmering, —
Half memory and half a dream; —
The gleams of fantasy that fling
Strange light on a familiar stream; —

The dim unwonted things that dart
In sleep before the entranced mind,
And throng through the unguarded heart
Like scattered rose leaves on the wind.

I feel the breath of love upbear
My heart unto the Perfect One,
And seek to give no purer prayer
Than rises up in music's tone.

More vast, more homefelt and more bright
Seems then that supernatural sphere
That robes all being in its light
And makes all beauty doubly clear.

Nearer I draw to kindred minds,
I feel the founts of nature flow —
The icy form no longer binds,
The heart melts all before its glow.

In loftier words I long to frame
A truer speech to him who hears,
The wonderful crowds out the tame —
Moments condense the life of years.

And on the marge of fairy land
I feel that all the poet sings
Is briefly told us by the hand
Of him who wakes these soul-like strings.

C. P. C.

Translated for this Journal.

The Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts (1840—1841), Reviewed by Robert Schumann.

(Concluded.)

SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CONCERTS.

The seventeenth subscription concert was opened with a new (the 6th) Symphony by KALIWODA, which he, encouraged possibly by the

reception of his 5th, may have worked out in a very short time. The work seems rather to have been prompted by some outward stimulus, than to have sprung from any inward creative impulse; it seems far-fetched and labored; and the applause which it found in comparison with the fifth, stood in correct proportion to the value of the two. It chanced, too, to the disadvantage of the work—a thing which cannot always be avoided—that it formed the commencement of the concert. The instruments, the musicians themselves are not quite warmed up at that time, the public has not got itself quietly settled, &c. &c. Whether the reason of the less warm reception lay in outward circumstances or in the work itself, let not this deter the much esteemed composer from proceeding on his honorable path. Where have we found the master who could be always on the ascent! Only when he throws himself away, when he utterly denies his German origin, should criticism impugn him. But if he remains faithful to himself in thought and labor, we shall not wish to spoil his game because of a single throw less fortunate than usual. A welcome, then, beforehand to the esteemed master's seventh Symphony!

In the place of Fräulein SCHLOSS, who had become hoarse, a singer sang whom we have not named before, Fräulein LOUISE GRUENBERG, a pupil of the well-known singing teacher and composer (particularly for male voices), Zöllner. She surprised the public by her resonant and flexible organ, as well as by the naïve certainty with which she executed from the beginning to the end her aria (one of Mozart's). This successful first appearance gives us a double pleasure, since she is a native talent. We should be guilty of untruth, were we to boast of our many fine voices and fine singers; we are no better off in this respect, than they are everywhere else.

Herr GULOMY played in the same concert a Concerto by Lipinski and Variations by Molique; the first particularly with so much life and spirit, that the composer himself, by whom we have formerly heard it played, must have been pleased, had he been present.

The third soloist, who appeared that evening, was Herr HAAKE, next to Herr Grenser the most distinguished flutist of our city.

A numerous chorus of men sang Weber's "Prayer before the Battle," words by Körner, and Mendelssohn's wonderfully splendid quartet, with horn accompaniment, "The Huntsman's Departure," by Eichendorff.

The selections of the eighteenth concert were of rather a mixed order. A new Symphony, yet in manuscript, by L. MAURER, led off. If his first one gained him many friends, so too will this second one, which is not at all inferior to that in grace or liveliness. In the instrumentation one recognizes a musician who has grown up in the orchestra; he toys with the instruments as a juggler does with his balls. Next to the first movement, the Adagio, which is very tenderly conceived, pleased us most; the other parts less so, being Frenchy and noisy.

As "guest" appeared one Sig. G. SETTI, from Naples, a powerful and good sounding baritone, who soon proved himself a genuine Italian singer. In company with Herr POEGNER he also sang, to the great delight of our Bellinists, a duet from *I Puritani*. If the Italians would only send us a Tenor once more! of Bassos we have less lack.

Fräulein GRUENBERG sang to great acceptance the air by Meyerbeer, *Robert, toi que j'aime*, which never fails of a certain effect, and which the composer himself certainly considers one of his finest numbers. In the singer, singing-masters would find fault with the opening of the mouth; a mere hint will suffice to call attention to it. For the rest, she showed in this performance again talent and true calling.

An Overture but little known, by Onslow, to the opera, "The Alcalde," pleased. So, too, did Herr WITTMAN in the Violoncello Variations by Merk, and Herr WEISSENBORN in Variations for the Bassoon, by W. Haake, both of them distinguished members of our orchestra, of whom the first is said also to possess a fine talent for composition; he is a Viennese and a pupil of Merk.

NINETEENTH CONCERT.

Concert Overture by W. H. VERT (MS.).—Aria by MEYERBEER (Fri. Schloss).—"Huntsman's Torment:" sung by G. Seidl, composed for voice with accompaniment of Piano-forte, clarinet, horn, 'cello and double bass by C. REICHARD (Herr Schmidt).—Variations, for Violin, upon a Theme from Schubert (*Lob der Thranen*), composed and played by the concert-master DAVID (MS.).—*An die ferne Geliebte* (To the distant beloved), *Liederkreis*, by BEETHOVEN (Herr Schmidt).—Symphony by BEETHOVEN, No. 2.

The overture offered little that was new or striking; it might be numbered among those pieces of music, which know how to make the want of energy of thoughts less perceptible by means of a voluptuous exterior.—Fräulein SCHLOSS sang as she always does: tranquil and without heart-beatings do we let the waves of her song glide over and away from us. The air by Meyerbeer, already a jaded hack, still refuses to vanish from the parade ground.—The song by REICHARD is not without grace; but, springing from no real inward depth, it lacks, above all, vital warmth. With such lavish outlay of means, what is here accomplished is too little. At the conclusion we missed the desired climax, strongly as it seems demanded by the poem; of this refreshment the composer should not have disappointed the weary listener. The execution was excellent.—We cannot think it a happy thought to add so much that is stimulating to that quiet home melody of Schubert, as DAVID has done in his variations. At any rate, the mood into which the pensive hearer is transported by them, is not a very edifying one.

The ornament and pearl of the evening was the *Liederkreis* of BEETHOVEN,—a circle indeed of such love songs as never reached the ear before in such pure tones of nature, such depth of heartfelt feeling. To sing them, required less a singer, than a poet. Herr SCHMIDT delivered

them with great care, but with almost too much outlay of external art. Mendelssohn's rendering of the accompaniment breathed the fragrance and the freshness of the original.—In the Symphony we remarked a horn-blower who was a stranger to us; his uncertainty cast some cloudy streaks over the luxurious whole.

TWENTIETH CONCERT, MARCH 18.

Pastoral Symphony, by BEETHOVEN.—Air by MOZART.—Concerto for Violin, by SPOHR.—Finale from *La Cenerza di Tito*, by MOZART.—Overture, by MENDELSSOHN.—Duet and Terzet from the opera of "*Heinrich und Florette*," by H. SCHMIDT.—*La Melancholie*, by PRÜCKE.—Songs, by F. SCHUBERT, C. M. VON WEBER and MENDELSSOHN.

We think of this concert with peculiar interest, both as offering us so much that was excellent, and as worthily closing the cycle of the present year. The Pastoral Symphony made its way once more deeply into all hearts; the execution was quite superb, such as the master in his inspired hour might have conceived it. The same may be said of MENDELSSOHN's richly imaginative and beautiful Overture: *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt*, which probably can be heard nowhere else in the world in such perfection.

A novelty was the Duet and Terzet from the now finished larger opera of our singer, H. SCHMIDT, a singer who might serve to many bearing famous names as a model in musical culture and true taste. As a composer he has as yet published little. But what we heard this evening testified throughout of a striving after the better kind, and of an understanding of the task which he had set himself. The song part was carefully written; the instrumentation skilful and sonorous. The breadth of numerous repetitions is perhaps less felt in the theatre, and indeed it is commonly an ungrateful thing for the composer to bring before the public single pieces from a work, before the performance of the whole, and always gives occasion for false judgments. But it is said that the whole piece will soon be brought on the stage, when we may give it further notice. The other performers who took part in these two numbers were Frl. SCHLOSS and Herr KINDERMANN; the former clever and ready as ever, the latter gifted with a very beautiful voice, which by its mere sound prepossesses one in favor of the singer. The player of the violin pieces was Herr C. HILF, of whom we have already often spoken. This time, too, he showed himself worthy of the great sympathy which he has excited from his first entrance upon the artist career, and was dismissed, as he is always, with the most tumultuous applause.

If we speak of the pearl of the evening last, it is not without reason. In a few words: Madame SCHROEDER-DEVRIENT sang. What is mortal in men and artists, is subject to time and its influences; and so it is with the voice, and with external beauty. But what is above these, the soul, the poetry, preserves itself in Heaven's favorites alike fresh through all the ages of life; and so the artist and poetess will always delight us, as long as she has a tone left in her heart and throat. The public listened as if spell-bound, and when she had sung through Mendelssohn's *Volkslied*, ending with the words "*auf Wiedersehn*," all joined in with joyful response. This was intended perhaps also for the composer, who accompanied her; for it was the last time in this place that his miraculously winged fingers exercised their mastery over the keys. Let us not inquire

then for whom the laurel, which appeared unforeseen in the orchestra, was meant, whether for the master or for the respected visitor. Let us only exclaim: To all that has been given and enjoyed in our musical evenings, a hopeful *auf Wiedersehn*! (May we meet again!)

The Overture to the "Magic Flute."

We had this marvellous product of imaginative genius so uncommonly well rendered last week at the Schiller Festival,—and perhaps for the first time made really manifest in all its beauty to the greater part of that great audience—that we are tempted to recall a portion of what OULIBICHEFF says of it.

The Fugue here has but one theme, and even in the development of this one theme the science of the composer appears still more wonderful, if possible, than in the prodigious movements of the finale (Symphony in C). Between the theme and the counter-theme there exists no appearance of conflict, not once a single shadow of opposition. All is pure and clear. All is heavenly in the harmony of this fugue, all streams in most melodious splendor, all is euphonious enjoyment, rapture, inexpressible charm, alike for the learned musician and for the common music-lover, in short for all musical ears. Mozart wished that the introduction to the piece should bespeak attention with an at once solemn and mystical authority, and the most *éclatant* euphony, as if the slow tempo should say to one: "Prepare yourself to be apprised of something which you never heard before, and which no one will ever let you hear again."

It were an error to believe, that the unique euphony and magic charm, which make of the Allegro such a ravishing music to everybody, merely affect us more, because the conditions of the fugued style are mitigated; in other words, because the work is not a strict and regular fugue. It is as learned a work as ever proceeded from a head, that would know of nothing short of Double Counterpoint and Canon. To the main laws of the genus Mozart has added furthermore, the unity of thought. Although this fugue is free, it is still almost without interruption; it is formed in the mere subject; that subject never leaves you for a moment. In the fugue you hear it as the *Dux* and *Comes* (leader and companion); in the melodic portion of the overture it accompanies the song passages, which come in like solos; and it is its image again, which is reproduced more or less in fragments by the *tutti* of the orchestra. Without the subject the least particulars of the work were inconceivable. This theme is a veritable enchanter; it possesses the gift of infinite self-transformation. It assumes all forms; it flies off in sparks, it dissolves in shimmering rose-colored drops, it rounds itself into a globe, it sprinkles itself in pearly rain, it flashes in diamonds and overflows the green lap of the fields like an enamelled flowery carpet; or it rises like a gentle mist into the upper regions. But various as the splendor is of these fantastical creations, perpetually interweaving, still it is not given to it to divest itself of its original form. Whether it appear as a jack-o'-lantern or as a thundering meteor, we, the clairvoyant spectators, always recognize it. When its fugue is but little or not at all disguised, (that is to say, so long as the composition continues a fugue), it constantly regenerates itself from itself, flings itself back and re-unites in *infinitum*; it creeps in everywhere in the accompaniment to another subordinate form (the counter-subject), which, like the gossip, or to speak more reverently, the *famulus* of the magician, transforms itself as dexterously as he does. Suddenly the chase disperses itself in a multitude of little parcels. An enchanting, shining apparition steps into its place. Verily, this is it no longer! Nevertheless, it is it; examine it closely and you will see the fragments of its original form, flung off in all directions, quivering in space and gathering like a halo round the apparition, into which it has transformed a portion of its substance. (The solos, accompanied by fragments of the fugue.)

Suddenly all has vanished. A serious and solemn summons, thrice repeated in the same expressions, a peremptory will, before which the necromancer's might must bow, has scattered the enchantment. Is the magic spectacle all over? No, only the first act. Our hobgoblin of a theme must know the principle of progression of interest; but how enhance the miracle already wrought? We shall see. The Allegro begins again and the subject comes back; this time, however, under a wholly different physiognomy, transposed into B flat minor. The counter-theme takes also a new form and a new gait; here begins the middle period, and we penetrate into the sanctum of

the enchanter, which one might fancy to be lighted by the soft and pallid fire of a moonlight rain-bow. Whence come all these syren voices, singing unknown words? In what firmament shine those stars, that group themselves in melodious and mystic constellations in the flute and fagotto, which whisper in the strings and stream out in the oboes like a long train of light! The bliss of an inextinguishable supernatural contentment permeates the soul, caressingly, from all sides. Soon clearest day illumines the scene. The theme gathers itself into a bright focus, and the counter-subject, darting its beams to all parts of the world, lets off fireworks, whose petards, rockets, bomb-shells, Roman candles start off one by one, mount into the air, hiss, crackle, dazzle, go out and rain sparks upon you as they fall, so that you know not where to turn. The variations of the theme fly every way, intermingling with the pieces of those magic fireworks, or if you prefer, those gleaming northern lights. Again some fragments of the first half of the overture present themselves, yet, be it understood, with transformations, since, as little as it lies in the nature of the subject wholly to conceal itself, past finding out, so little can it for an instant remain altogether like itself.

The concluding sentence, in melodic style and beginning with a *crescendo*, is of a grandiose and liberal effect, full of reverberation and of majesty. Here something comes along, something, which is little in the outset, but which swells more and more and soon attains to an enormous volume, and waves its gigantic wings, with the roar of the hurricane, over the hearer's head. In the midst of the heaviest storm resounds a reminiscence of the theme towards the close, through the stunning *unisons* of the entire orchestra.

The Schiller Centennial Festivals.

NEW YORK.

The festival opened on Wednesday evening, Nov. 9, with a grand concert at the City Assembly Rooms, in which music was rendered by an orchestra of seventy performers, with the aid of Liederkranz and Sängerbund, Madames Caradori and Zimmermann, and Messrs. Mayer, Steinway, and Gustav Satter; the directors being Messrs. Eisfeld, Anschütz, Bergmann, and Pauer. The music comprised two pieces from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, Beethoven's fourth concerto, a piece by Rietz called Schiller's Dithyrambe, and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, ending with Schiller's hymn *An die Freude*. The rooms were crowded with an intently appreciative audience.

Second Day.—The Schiller Festival was continued yesterday, at 1 p. m. in the Cooper Institute. The great hall was beautifully decorated. Busts and statues, flowers, and shrubbery were arranged upon the platform; laurel-crowned Dante and Petrarch looked out from laden orange trees.

The overture of Weber's *Oberon* was played by the orchestra, and Dr. LOEWE, who presided, congratulated the meeting on the 100th Anniversary of Schiller's birth. In him, he said, they celebrated the triumphs of art and poetry; they worshipped genius; across three generations they sent their gratitude. Schiller was the hero of that classic literature which had raised Germany out of the depths into which she sunk during the contests of the 16th and 17th centuries. They were celebrating the historic epoch of three centuries. It was on the 10th of November, also, that this world first saw Martin Luther, who broke the chains in which Papacy had bound it. And he was glad to count a later worker for Freedom, Robert Blum, also, as a child of the 10th of November. Deep in his heart did Robert Blum carry the noble works of Schiller; he carried them out in his deeds, and his death was worthy of his great master. This festival was then trebly dear to every lover of Liberty, a grand hallelujah of Freedom. And not less as Americans than as Germans did they salute the birth of Schiller. His spirit had crossed the waters and was the inspiring principle of our government and life.

Prof. THEO. GLAUBENSKLEE read letters from Gov. Morgan, Washington Irving, President Buchanan, and Baron Gerolt, the Prussian Minister, and Hülsemann, the Austrian Ambassador. All except the first were holographs.

Dr. SCHRAMM was then introduced. He gave an elaborate address, passing Schiller's life, character, and works under a lengthy review. Dr. Schramm went into a minute appreciation of each of Schiller's productions, bringing out, greatly to the satisfaction of his audience, the beauties and significance of all. He concluded by stating that Schiller was a disciple of Kant, and quoted his famous lines:

"What religion do I profess? None of all
You have named to me And why not? From religion."
An eloquent peroration predicted that, when our city

and civilization should have passed away, Schiller's works would be household words.

WM. CULLEN BRYANT was the next speaker. Although it might seem presumptuous for an American to speak of Schiller's works to Germans, still he would say that the name of Schiller belonged not to Germany only, but to all the world. Schiller was German by birth, but we had made him ours by adoption. The influence of his genius had colored the dramatic literature of the whole world. In some shape or other, with abatements, doubtless, from their original splendor and beauty, but still glorious and still powerful over the minds of men, his dramas had become the common property of mankind. His personages walked our stage, and, in the familiar speech of our firesides, uttered the sentiments which he put into their mouths. We trembled alternately with fear and hope; we were moved to tears of admiration; we were melted to tears of pity; it was Schiller who touched the master chord to which our hearts answered. He compelled us to a painful sympathy with his Robber Chief; he made us parties to the grand conspiracy of Fiesco, and willing lieges of Fiesco's gentle consort Leonora; we sorrowed with him for the young, magnanimous, generous, unfortunate Don Carlos, and grieved scarcely less for the guileless and angelic Elizabeth; he dazzled us with the splendid ambition and awed us with the majestic fall of Wallenstein; he forced us to weep for Mary Stuart and for the Maid of Orleans; he thrilled us with wonder and delight at the glorious and successful revolt of William Tell. Let us then be suffered to take part in the honors paid to his memory, shower the violets of Spring upon his sepulchre, and twine it with the leaves of plants that wither not in the frost of Winter. We of this country, too, must honor Schiller as the poet of Freedom. He began to write when our country was warring with Great Britain for its independence, and his genius attained the maturity of its manhood just as we had made peace with our powerful adversary, and stood upon the earth a full-grown nation. It was then that the poet was composing his noble drama of Don Carlos, in which the Marquis of Posa was introduced as laying down to the tyrant, Philip of Spain, the great law of freedom. In the drama of the Robbers, written in Schiller's youth, we are sensible of a fiery, vehement, destructive impatience with society, on account of the abuses which it permitted; an enthusiasm of reform, almost without plan or object; but in his works composed afterward we found the true philosophy of reform calmly and clearly stated. The Marquis of Posa, in an interview with Philip, told him, at the peril of his life, truths which he had never heard before, exhorted him to lay the foundations of his power in the happiness and affections of his people, by observing the democratic precept that no tie should fetter the citizen save respect for the rights of his brethren, as perfect and sacred as his own, and prophesied the approaching advent of freedom which unfortunately we are looking for still—that universal spring which should yet make young the nations of the earth. Yet was Schiller no mad innovator. He saw that society required to be pruned, but did not desire that it should be uprooted; he would have it reformed, but not laid waste. What was ancient in its usages and ordinances, and therefore endeared to many, he would, where it was possible, improve and adapt to the present wants of mankind. Mr. Bryant remembered a passage in which his respect for those devices of form and usage by which the men of a past age sought to curb and restrain the power of their rulers was beautifully illustrated. He quoted from the magnificent translation of his "Wallenstein" made by Coleridge: "My son," said Octavio Piccolomini, addressing the youthful warrior Max:

"My son, of those old narrow ordinances
Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights
Of priceless value, which oppressed mankind
Tied to the volatile will of the oppressor.
For always formidable was the league
And partnership of free power with free will."

And then, remarking that what slays and destroys goes directly to its mark, like the thunderbolt and the cannon ball, shattering everything that lies in their way, he claims a beneficent circuitousness for those ancient ordinances which make so much of the machinery of society.

"My son, the road the human being travels,
That on which Blessing comes and goes, doth follow
The river's path, the playful valley's windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines.
Honoring the holy bounds of property,
And thus, secure, though late, leads to its end."

The last great dramatic work of Schiller was founded on the most remarkable and beneficent political revolution which, previous to our own, the world had seen, that ancient vindication of the great right of nationality and independent Government, the revolt of Switzerland against the domination of Austria, which gave birth to a republic now venerable

with the antiquity of five hundred years. He took a silent page from history, and, animating the personages of whom it spoke with the fiery life of his own spirit, and endowing them with his own superhuman eloquence, he formed it into a living protest against foreign dominion which was yet ringing throughout the world. Wherever there were generous hearts, wherever there were men who held in reverence the rights of their fellow-men, wherever the love of country and the love of mankind co-existed, Schiller's drama of William Tell stirred the blood like the sound of a trumpet. He would not speak of his literary merits, his beautiful and noble lyrics, the despair of translators—his histories and dramas written for all mankind. He would advert only to his earnest search after truth, and his abhorrence of all kinds of falsehood. Immortal honor, then, to the man whose last hours were devoted to no noble an object, and might the next hundredth anniversary of the birth of Schiller be celebrated with an enthusiasm even warmer than this. (Applause.)

Dr. ADOLPH WIESSNER then spoke in German. His speech was an eloquent tribute to the genius of Schiller, and elicited frequent and enthusiastic applause.

The Hon. C. P. DALY was the last speaker. He said that if the works of any man survived those of the mason and the carpenter, it was those of the poet. In India, all evidences of ancient civilization were perishing except the literary; the Vedas were as fresh and human as if written yesterday. A great poem was indestructible in its very nature. It was continually renewed in the imaginations of men. The great nations which had produced no national poet were almost forgotten; their history was transmitted to us only through their conquerors. Well, then, might Germany be proud of Schiller. Schiller was national; while he satisfied the tastes of the most refined, he touched the heart and carried with him the sympathies of the whole people. But he was more than national, he was universal. Carlyle had said that a great poet would be great in anything. Schiller came up to this; he was not only a great poet but a great dramatist, historian, novelist, metaphysician, and critic. This universality he thought most apparent in his lyrics. His poetry was English, in having no sickly sentimentality, and English in its clearness. He came up to the requirements of a great poet in his life and his character; there was beautiful harmony between his life and his works. In this he was in marked contrast with other poets. The year of his birth produced Robert Burns. He, too, was a poet of national independence, but his life, how different? So, too, there was a certain impurity in the works of Beranger which marred the effect of his labors as a poet of freedom. The life of Schiller was his greatest poem. In conclusion Judge Daly described his death by quoting from "our great national poet" the closing lines of the *Thanatopsis*. (Enthusiastic applause.)

Dr. LOEWE announced the award of the prize for the poem on Schiller to Dr. Reinhold Solger of Boston, and music completed the festivities of the afternoon.

In the evening the festivities were continued at the Academy of Music. A series of tableaux vivants, illustrative of scenes from the Robbers, Fiesco, The Hostage, Mary Stuart, The Maid of Orleans, Don Carlos, The Diver, and Wilhelm Tell, were given, closing with a final tableau in which all the principal characters of the Dramas appeared. These were very effective. In the early part of the evening a bust of Schiller, with pastoral and poetic surroundings, was crowned, and Miss Grahn, the actress, recited Dr. Solger's poem, to which the prize had been awarded. The drama, "Wallenstein's Camp," was performed by the artists of the German Stadt Theater, the choruses being greatly enlarged by members of the German singing societies.—*Tribune*.

PHILADELPHIA.

If the spirit of Schiller visited this region last evening, it must have been satisfied with the homage paid to him in the Academy of Music. The house was crowded with an earnest, intelligent multitude, the larger part of whom were Germans; but there was no scarcity of Americans, many of whom seemed to be as much interested in the proceedings as were the countrymen of Schiller. The stage was filled with musicians; a fine orchestra led by Carl Sentz occupying the centre, while back of them and at each side, were ranged several hundred singers, male and female. In the rear was a tasteful, triumphal arch, under which was a colossal statue of Schiller, which, however, was veiled from view till a certain point was arrived at in the exercises. On each side of the arch were arranged wreaths and flags, the whole forming, with the crowd on the stage, a very striking tableau.

At 9 o'clock the orchestra played Weber's Jubilee

Overture in excellent style. Then Mr. Gustavus Remak was introduced to the audience, and he proceeded to deliver an oration in German, which gave great satisfaction to his countrymen and all who understood the language. He gave a sketch of Schiller's life and his writings, showing full appreciation of the character of the poet. The oration lasted an hour, and then Beethoven's overture to *Egmont* was played. Rev. W. H. Furness, D. D., was then introduced and delivered an oration in English, which was altogether one of the happiest efforts that we have listened to; scholarly, without being pedantic; humorous without being undignified; polished and elegant in every phrase, and exhibiting the most genial and appreciative knowledge of Schiller's writings, and indeed of German literature generally. Mr. Furness was repeatedly and loudly applauded.

The second part of the exercises began with the introduction to Richard Wagner's *Lohengrin*—a strange but effective specimen of the "music of the future." Then Dr. G. Kellner was introduced and recited with much emphasis the ode written for this festival by the German poet Freiligrath, of which the following is a translation:

Still to our distant home in soul belonging,
Her freest Vanguard with her flag unfurled,
We stand to-day, while German ranks are thronging,
In one rejoicing circle round the world.

One noble chain of spirit-links unbroken,
That stretches from far Neckar's verdant strand,
Where a poor hearth remains as loving token—
Can heart to heart unite, and land to land!

Oh! humble hearth! yet proudly
Shall honors thee adorn,
While ages echo loudly,
Here was our Schiller born!

This very day thy blazing,
A hundred years ago,
First met his clear eyes, gazing
Upon our world below.

Eyes which, through fairest seeming,
Still sought the noblest height;
And 'mid sublimest dreaming,
Looked up to God's true light.

He heard the world's great story,
The heart's, too, sad and long,
And wove in radiant glory
Each to immortal song!

As from a cup o'erflowing,
His burning light and flame
In every soul were glowing,
When—utter darkness came.

Like to some sudden tempest one hour found him,
Rise on the German heavens in power and pride;
The people and the youth who shouted round him,
Watched how for him Fame's portals opened wide.

He came, in strife, and work, and hope, untiring,
He was the Priest of Freedom and mankind:
Still onward to some nobler height aspiring,
That fragile form holding a mighty mind.

He came: a true and noble comrade near him;
Goethe was with him in Thought's earnest fight,
And wife and children's love was there to cheer him,
When Death arose;—and lo! he sank in Night.

In Night? Ah no! Hail to our Dead still living!
Hail! thus he spoke. And Death shall vainly try
To dim the light, his spirit still is giving!
Hail! Schiller, hail! The Dead who cannot die!

Still from his Tomb arises
A voice, both clear and bold,
Which still our country prizes
As the true guide of old.

Three times a generation
Upon his words have fed,
And twice the armed Nation
By him been onward led.

He cheers all earnest daring
Of noble sword or voice.—
And even our long ocean journey sharing,
Lives with us in the Country of our choice.

To-day, anew here born for us, we meet him,
And scatter festive honors on his way;
Open thy gates, America, and greet him—
He is thy Citizen to-day!

Ring out, oh song! silent we bow, confessing
He comes a Conqueror to this Future land:
A share in its bright future hour possessing,
Since he shall help to build it with his hand.

After a hundred years, this day which found us
Binding new wreaths of laurel now,
Shall see the children of the children 'round us,
Crowning again the bright beloved brow.

It was during the reading of this poem that the veil fell and revealed a well modelled statue of Schiller by Rauch, which was saluted by the shouts of the assembled thousands. At the close of the poem, Schiller's "Song of the Bell," as set to music by Andreas Romberg, was performed. The music is slightly old-fashioned; for Romberg wrote it in 1808, and besides it is full of reminiscences, not to

any plagiarisms, from Mozart, Beethoven and others. But it will always be esteemed, and last evening it was performed so well that it was a real luxury to listen to it. The instrumental part could not have been better managed. The soprano solos were assigned to Mme. Johannsen, who sang them better than any one in this country could sing it; for she excels all others in German music. The other solo parts were in competent hands. But the greatest excellence of the performance was in the choruses. It is rare to find several hundred singers trained to such precision, and still rarer to find them so well comprehend the work they are engaged on, so as to give its proper effects of light and shade.—*Bulletin*.

Madame Abel.

On the arrival of this distinguished pianist in New York, a year ago, the *Home Journal* published the following letter, written, as we understand, by Mrs. Kirkland.

Messrs. Editors:—Will you indulge an old friend—always passionately fond of music, as you know, and just now particularly interested in a young artist newly arrived from Paris—in a few words touching this same youthful performer on the piano-forte; a lady—a pupil of Chopin—*protégée* of Berlioz, Auber, and, indeed, of half the musical marvels of the day, and wife of an accomplished organist, Monsieur Abel, who has been some months in the United States, not daring to bring over the young wife and her little boy until he had first essayed this strange land. There is an out-of-breath sentence for you, quite in place just here, for I have but now finished looking over some of the rapturous things said about my young friend by those enthusiasts who rule the Parisian *monde musicale*. Let me quote some of them, that they may go forth here with a *Home Journal* stamp.

Here is Hector Berlioz, speaking of Madame Abel as Mademoiselle Louise Scheibel, who, in 1844, created a *furor* in Paris, playing the piano in public before she could reach an octave:

"Truly an infant prodigy is this little Louise Scheibel, whom I heard lately at the Conservatoire—a pianist of scarcely seven years old, who executes the most difficult music with an *aplomb* and a depth of passionate feeling absolutely marvellous! Her hands are too small to stretch an octave, but she finds means to substitute *arpeggios* so rapid that the notes seem to be struck at the same instant. As for the pedals, her little feet try in vain to reach them, and her teacher is obliged to touch them for her, when the miniature performer plays in public."

After Berlioz comes Monsieur Jacques Arago, (brother of the astronomer,) in the *Gazette des Theatres*, of March 3d, 1844: "There is no more childhood! especially in music. Here is this little Scheibel, hardly seven years old, who gives the most difficult *roulades* on the piano-forte with the taste and delicacy of a professor. The concert which she gave a few days ago, under Mr. Auber's auspices, was a perfect triumph. Bravos and bouquets were showered upon her, but we could not help thinking that a few *cornets de boubons* would perhaps have been quite as acceptable. May the future realize this brilliant promise, for the child is a perfect dream."

After all this, and much more of the same sort, the fairy pianist made the tour of the principal cities of Germany, was received at all the courts, and returned to Paris covered with new wreaths. This brilliant success caused her to be invited into the north of France, and at Douay she met Liszt, who publicly testified his surprise and admiration, giving her also several letters of recommendation.

After this she studied under Chopin, who, although already attacked by the cruel malady which brought him to the grave, interested himself warmly in her success; and it is, no doubt, owing to his personal instruction and impress, that Madame Abel interprets so admirably the works of this great master.

After the death of Chopin, Mademoiselle Scheibel continued her studies under the direction of Monsieur A. Reichel, the friend of Chopin, and himself only less distinguished; and when M. Reichel quitted Paris, the young aspirant passed under the tuition of Camille Stamaty, the teacher of Gottschalk, and the last professor whose care helped to perfect the skill of Mademoiselle Scheibel.

Thus trained in the best school, and by at least three of the first masters of modern times, we need say nothing further of the preparation of Madame Abel; and it were equally vain to attempt quoting the eulogies, in prose and verse, which have been lavished upon her performance. She passed some years in constant practice and diligent study, and when in the maturity of her talent, although still very young, married Mr. G. Abel, organist of the

splendid church of Pentemont, in Paris. Since that time the journals of the great art-capital have continued to Madame Louisa Abel the warm praises once lavished on *la petite Scheibel*.

The "*Recue des Deux Mondes*," by the hand of one of the most conscientious and even severe critics of the day—Monsieur P. Scudo, author of "*Le Chevalier de Sarti*"—thus characterizes the playing of Madame Abel: "Among the many concerts given this winter, (1855,) we place in the first rank that given in the *Salle Herz*, by Madame Louise Abel, the very distinguished and classic pianist. Her programme embraced such *chefs d'œuvre* as the fifth grand concerto of Beethoven, in *mi bémol*, with orchestra; the grand *polonaise* of Chopin, op. 22, preceded by an *andante*, also with orchestra; and two studies in *dieze minor*, of the last named composer. It is a great responsibility to undertake the interpretation of music like this; but Madame Abel fulfilled her mission splendidly, and with the success of one inspired, as well as full of talent; and unanimous applause bore testimony to her power."

Monsieur Escudier, in "*La France Musicale*," gives his opinion in the following terms: "Madame Abel has the rare merit of executing with equal *brio*, delicacy, taste, and perfection, both classical music and that of the modern composers. Her fingering is at once delicate and powerful in an extraordinary degree. She makes the instrument sing, charmingly carrying away her audience by means both true and simple, never losing sight of the principles of good taste. At her concert in the *Salle Herz*, she gave a concerto of Beethoven, with grand orchestra; a *polonaise* by Chopin, full of originality and color; and two *études* by the same master. Madame Abel gave the concerto like a true artist, and one familiar with the highest classics. It would be hard to find more grace, more skill, more art. She was equally brilliant and enchanting in the compositions of Chopin, that poet of the piano. The applauses of her entire audience testified that her success was complete."

Amusements in New Orleans.

From present appearances, we may fairly judge that the season on which we are now entering, will be one of the most attractive, alike to our own citizens and to our visitors from out of town. We shall have open two first class Opera Houses, in which will also be given occasional dramatic performances, tragic and comic, and in one of them the ballet; two first class theatres, one where the most distinguished stars in tragedy and comedy will consecutively appear; and the other, sustained by a comedy stock company of rare ability; an amphitheatre, the performances at which will be of the most popular character, and the engagements of which will specially include the most talented equestrians in the world; a beautiful aquarium, in the museum attached to the amphitheatre, a novelty here, and one that will be full of interest to the curious in the wonders of nature; and a museum, in which the great celebrities of the world, living and dead, are shown forth with life-like exactness.

Besides all these stated places of public amusement we are to have six first-class concerts from the Classic Music Society, which spirited association, we learn, have made arrangements that will secure greater variety and of course greater interest in this country than ever before. They design having one part of each concert consist of popular modern music, and one of purely classic selections. Vocal music will also be made a feature of every concert this season: an excellent idea.

The new Opera House, at the corner of Toulouse and Bourbon streets, is almost finished, and looks finely, both outside and inside. It will be a superb building when fully completed. Everything about it is designed and will be completed in the highest style of art. The decorations of the interior will be very chaste but richly elegant. The arrangements for accommodating the audience are minutely perfect; the boxes, loges, stalls, parquette, pit and galleries are all commodiously planned, and there is not a seat in the house, the occupant of which will not have a full view of the scene as it proceeds upon the stage. The dressing rooms, the retiring rooms, the corridors, the dormitories are all constructed with a special eye to safety as well as comfort. The troupe engaged by Mr. Boudousquie comprises artists of acknowledged ability of the highest kind. This establishment will open its doors on or about the 17th inst.

Mr. Placide Canonge has also lately returned from Paris, having engaged an excellent company, lyric, dramatic, and chorographic, for the time-honored Orleans, in Orleans street, which, during the summer, has been put into complete repair and renovation, so that it now looks like an old friend in a new suit. The addition to the front of a piazza, or verandah,

that extends nearly its whole length, and covers the banquette and curbstone, so as to protect ladies alighting from their carriages against the rain, is a very important improvement. Mr. Canonge proposes to open his theatre the moment his troupe are assembled, which will probably be now in a few days.—*Picayune*, Nov. 5.

Wagner's Tristan and Isolde.

(Concluded from page 259.)

If we now take a retrospective view of the whole work, we cannot help seeing in Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde* the production of a still greater mistake than before, as to the essential elements of dramatic poetry. In his *Fliegender Holländer* (*Flying Dutchman*), the motive is, it is true, a supernatural one—the legend of a man doomed to wander over the ocean until he finds a faithful woman. But, in the first place, this legend has taken firm root among the people, and, in the second, the dramatic treatment, although monotonous, is individual. Even in *Tannhäuser* the supernatural ideas are far more preponderating; the human beings are made simply the exponents of these ideas, and thus the foundation of the drama, which requires beings that think like men and that act like men, is sapped. In the present work, Wagner has gone a step further in the supernatural direction; he lays more weight upon the tendencies* and symbolical than on the matter-of-fact part of the legend, which becomes visible by action, and is immediately perceptible to the feelings. In *Lohengrin* the triumph of the supernatural is completely celebrated, but we cannot, by any means, agree with it, since our whole moral consciousness rebels against the motive which constitutes the basis of the poem. That a wife shall never ask her husband who he is, is contrary both to human nature and the laws of morality, while the chapter of the Knights of the Holy Graal can silence our feelings, which revolt at it, as little as the mystically, symbolically superstitious frame of mind which Wagner has created for himself, and to which he has screwed himself up, as to something foreign to his nature, is a truly felt or even Christian one.

And what does he present to us now as the principal motive in *Tristan and Isolde*? Human power or human weakness? Human will or human passion? In a word, anything in which the fresh pulse of real life beats? No! he dishes up again the stale story, long become an object of ridicule, of a love-potion, and makes this supernatural charm the sole lever of a drama. The consequence is, that his personages become for us, not men, but marionettes. Whence can he obtain a dramatic interest for persons who are not responsible beings? Whence is to proceed our sympathy for creatures who do not feel as we do, but who must feel in conformity with the effect of a certain drug, and whose conduct is not developed psychologically from their character, as well as from certain points and given relations, but wholly and solely follows a supernatural impulse? for creatures, finally, whose finicking, falsely sentimental language we do not understand? Such a thing as a thought is nowhere to be found; we meet only sensations, generally treated, which, with very few exceptions, degenerate into the old-received sing-song of faded operatic lyrics, or are sharpened off to dialectic dallies and points. But what is more nauseous than sentimental wit? Anything like character in the personages is out of the question, except that there is a slight dash of it in the subordinate part of Kurwenal. This part alone is something—a true, rough fellow. Isolde and Tristan have no will of their own, but are constrained to follow an external power. Brangäne is nothing at all. Marke is a good-natured fool, who out of respect for the love-potion, takes matters pretty easily. Melot is a mere supernumerary, who gives the knight an opportunity of running on his sword, and is struck down by the knight's squire, not more than fifty words, at the most, passing his lips in two scenes.

There is a drama for you! When we reflect that it is to serve as the foundation of a musical work, of an opera—even an opera of the newest style—one's hair absolutely stands on end. If Wagner sets this poem to music in such a manner as to render it merely supportable, we shall be compelled to look on him as a musical genius. Perhaps he has written the one and twenty pages of duet for the lovers, the day and night parallels, all, capable of clearly forming and carrying out a great musical thought, a fact of which very strong doubts have hitherto been entertained.

We conclude with some reflections of Julian Schmidt, contained in his *History of German Literature* (fourth edition, vol. 3, page 194.)

"While Richard Wagner infuses in the means he

* We are obliged to coin this word in order to express the German *trachtend*.—TRANSLATOR.

The musical score on page 71 of Don Giovanni consists of eight systems of piano accompaniment. Each system is written for a grand piano, with a treble staff and a bass staff. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *f*, *p*, *mf*, and *cres.* (crescendo). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The first system features a complex texture with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The second system includes trills (*tr*) in the treble. The third system has a *mf* marking in the treble. The fourth system has a *cres.* marking in the treble. The fifth system has a *p* marking in the treble. The sixth system has a *f* marking in the treble. The seventh system has a *cres.* marking in the treble. The eighth system has a *p* marking in the treble. The notation is dense and detailed, typical of a full orchestral score.

Allegro molto.

p

cres. *f* *p* *cres.* *f* *p* *tr*

f *p* *f* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p*

cres. *p*

Andante. *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.*

col 8va

f p *f p* *f p* *f p*

This musical score page for Don Giovanni, page 73, contains eight systems of piano accompaniment. The notation is in G major and 2/4 time. The systems are as follows:

- System 1:** Treble and bass staves. Dynamics include *cres.*, *f*, and *p*. A rehearsal mark "col 8vi." is present.
- System 2:** Treble and bass staves. Dynamics include *f*, *cres.*, *p*, and *cres.*.
- System 3:** Treble and bass staves. Dynamics include *cres.*, *p*, and *cres.*.
- System 4:** Treble and bass staves. Dynamics include *cres.*, *p*, and *cres.*.
- System 5:** Treble and bass staves. Dynamics include *cres.*, *p*, and *cres.*.
- System 6:** Treble and bass staves. Dynamics include *cres.*, *p*, *pp*, and *f p*. A rehearsal mark "col 8vi." is present.
- System 7:** Treble and bass staves. Dynamics include *cres.*, *f p*, and *cres.*.
- System 8:** Treble and bass staves. Dynamics include *f p*, *cres.*, and *p*.

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Don Giovanni.

tr *f* *p* *ff* *p* *piu strello.*

f *p* *f* *pp*

Allegro. *f* *p* *f*

employs the same charlatanism as Meyerbeer, he acts in the best faith; he is a fanatic for his own ideas, which primitively express nothing more than the consciousness of the limits of his own talent, and, with indefatigable zeal, he devotes all the strength of his life to this imagined end. Such devotion imposes on us Germans, and, if exceedingly human motives co-operate in its propagation, and the cynical tone of the school produces the most repulsive impression, the original reason is, after all, delight at concentrated power of will in a languid age. This is a noble feeling, but we must withstand it, otherwise it will lead us astray into the most incredible absurdities, such as even now often make us the laughing-stock of the world. This is all the more necessary in Wagner's productions, as that which brings about his effects is not the natural power which vivifies every subject, but the dull ray from another world, which imposes on people by its contrast with things of this one. Through his poetry, as through his music, there runs that pretentious, strange tone, which, in outward appearance, is something exceedingly spiritual, but really affects low sensuality. An attempt has been made to set him up as a national poet, on account of his mediæval subjects, but the characteristic peculiarity of the German nation reposes upon its mind, upon the unity of its ideal views with its conscience, and, in this respect, Wagner's operas are altogether un-German. His code of morality is a transcendental one, freed from the trammels of mind as well as of conscience. His motives are supernatural, and his personages somnambulist. Just in the same manner is his music calculated, in the most subtle fashion, to excite the nerves. Whoever yields to this spell, is thrown into an unclear state of mind, such as is produced by a skilfully-told ghost-story; but whoever withstands the first impression will regard such a spell as a desecration of art. Wagner powerfully excites the imagination, not by means of the mind and conscience, as all great poets and composers do, but in a round-about way, like all romancists, charlatans, and magicians. Real art proceeds from capability, from a soul filled to overflowing with reality; false art springs from reflections on art, which seek a fantastic reality, but instead of the bodily female embrace a shadow. Now, since there exists between art and life a constant mutual influence, it must be advisable always to warn art against that *Venusberg* of a world of shadows, separated from real life, which relaxes the nerves, convulsively excites the blood, and so satiates the imagination with chimeras, that it at last ends in flat, hopeless used-upishness (*Blasirtheit*)."

L. B.

Translated for this Journal.

Raphael's St. Cæcilia.

(From the German of SCHLEGEL.)

The prevailing idea throughout this picture is the transporting sense of fervent devotion, which, when it can no longer find room in earthly hearts, breaks forth into an gush of song; just as in Perugino's large devotion pictures we sometimes see everything melting away into a pious ecstasy. But there is a silent devotion, like the solemn long-drawn strain of a church hymn. In Raphael's picture the reference to music is definite, and it is here that the whole mysterious depth and marvellous richness of this magnificent art is symbolically shown forth.

St. Paul, profoundly wrapt in himself, with the mighty sword by his left side, reminds us of that old art of melody which used to tame beasts and move rocks, but lacerated human hearts, piercing through spirit and mind. The majesty of the opposite Magdalen, the perfect beauty of whose features so strikingly resembles the Madonna at Dresden, reminds us of the lovely unison of souls blest in everlasting happiness, which in the magic tones of earthly music, though much weaker, is still clearly echoed. The soul of Cæcilia, standing in the middle singing praises, overflows in a stream which, ascending, meets a ray of the heavenly light. The other figures which fill up the space between the three principal ones, round off the whole into one full, unbroken circle. The circle of little ones at the top of the

picture, hovering in clouds, is as it were a reflection of the larger choir.

The clear foreground and the various scattered instruments represent to us the whole universe of sound, upon whose ground the perfect structure of holy song rests, and out of which it rises. The meaning and soul of the painting is throughout full of feeling, of ecstasy and of music; the execution is in the highest degree objective and thorough.

E. P. K.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Church Music in Vienna.

Mr. Editor: In the last number of your Journal appeared an article, under the head "Music Abroad," about which I would like to write a few words.

Said article is taken from the London *Athenæum*, and brings us news from Vienna, that "the Church has been just seized with one of its restrictive moods. Foreign journals state, that in the solemnization of the Mass, instruments (save the organ) are to be forthwith excluded. If this be more than a passing spasm the masses of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Hummel are virtually abolished by such edict."

This would really have been surprising news to me, had I not read a few days ago in the "*Wahrheits Freund*" (Friend of Truth) of the 3d inst., of Cincinnati, an article, which says directly the contrary of what was stated in the *Athenæum*. I will translate from it what concerns Church Music.

It says: "Vienna. The Acts and Decrees of the Provincial Council lie before us. They are accepted by the Holy Father and are divided into 7 divisions and 82 chapters." Here follow the headings of the divisions, after which it concludes, saying:

"A hasty glance at the Decrees suffices to correct the groundlessness of different more or less silly rumors, which circulated regarding the conclusions of the Provincial Council.

"The 6th chapter of the 4th division treats of Church Singing and Church Music. It forbids the performance of worldly and theatrical compositions, but it abolishes, by no means, instrumental music."

If this is the true account of affairs, the friends of pure Church music have only cause to rejoice about it. May the example of the Austrian Council be imitated in all countries, where, on Sundays, in the house of the Lord Most High, the music is repeated that has been performed during the week in the theatre, a scandal, that not unfrequently occurs in certain cities of this country, though it has repeatedly been condemned by the Church; and with the less excuse, when we remember the inexhaustible fund of noble music composed by the greatest masters for her service.

A. WERNER.

Boston, Nov. 15, 1859.

Death of Spohr.

LOUIS SPOHR, the German composer, born in Brunswick, April 5, 1784, died there in October, 1859. In early life, he was Chamber-musician of the Duke of Brunswick, and Concert-master of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha. He gave concerts in different parts of Europe, and acquired the reputation of being one of the greatest violinists of his time, and at the Congress of Vienna, in 1814, eclipsed all his rivals. In 1817 he visited Italy, and after his return to Germany he became manager of the Frankfort Opera. Here he brought out his charming opera of *Zemire and Azor*. In 1819 he went to London, where the symphony which he executed there before the Philharmonic Society has since remained very popular in England, where his music was, perhaps, more appreciated than even in his own country. After spending some time in Dresden, he was invited in 1822, to preside over the Chapel of the Elector of Hesse-Cassel, in whose service he has since remained. He has produced a great number of orchestral symphonies, concertos, quartets, and other instrumental works, cantatas, songs, ballad, and other vocal pieces, which are popular throughout Germany. But his fame rests on his operas—"The Mountain Spirit" (*Bergegeist*), "The Alchymist,"

"The Crusaders," and above all "Jessonda" and "Pietro of Abano"—and on his oratorios, "The Last Judgment," the "Crucifixion," and "The Fall of Babylon," which are among the greatest works of this description since the days of Handel. The last was expressly composed for one of the great English musical festivals, and his music was, perhaps, more appreciated in England than in his own country. To the lovers of the violin, he has left one of the most complete works of its class, entitled "The Violin School."

Musical Correspondence.

HAVERHILL, MASS., NOV. 10.—Last night, (Nov. 9th) "The Haverhill Musical Institute" gave their first Concert. Permit me to enclose the programme:

PART I.

1. March, from Overture to "Martha.".....Flotow.
Serenade Band.
2. Chorus. "By the Rivers of Babylon.".....Root.
3. Solo and Chorus. "The Marvellous Work".....Haydn.
Solo by Miss E. Harriman.
4. Quartet. "To the Highlands.".....Seibert.
Miss Downs, Miss Baldwin, and Messrs. Hill and Hammond.
5. Phantom Chorus. *La Sonnambula*.....Bellini.

PART II.

1. Waltz.....Lanner.
Band.
2. Duet and Chorus. "By thee, with bliss.".....Haydn.
3. Duet. Fantasia Brillante on Themes from "William Tell." For Violin and Piano.
S. M. Downs and J. L. Blodget.
4. Glee. "Serene and Mild."
5. Solo and Chorus. "Crowned with the Tempest."
From *Ernani*.....Verdi.
Solo by J. K. Colby.

The Institute was organized in April last; and the refined and critical part of the audience who listened to the execution of the above programme, were well satisfied that in the intervening months, its members had studied diligently, and worked hard. The selections from "The Creation" were performed in a manner that would have done credit to much older institutions. Miss HARRIMAN's solo in "The Marvellous Work" displayed energy, ability, and considerable study. The "Phantom Chorus" was executed with a spirit and precision, unusual in amateur singers, and the audience seemed well pleased with it.

The graceful quartet, "To the Highlands," was indeed very gracefully and beautifully done, and its repetition urgently demanded. Light and sparkling as the piece itself is, more than one discerning ear in the audience was still better pleased with the piano-forte accompaniment improvised for the occasion by S. M. DOWNS. This gentleman is quite noted in our midst as a thorough, scientific player, and his rare faculty of adaptation makes him an accompanist of a very high order.

Then the Duet for the Violin and Piano, where the same gentleman played the latter part, proved the star piece of the evening. Difficult as both parts are, we could not doubt their artistic rendering, coming as they did upon our ears with all the meaning and beauty that only those who can feel music as well as execute it, ever throw into a piece. Both Mr. Downs and Mr. Blodget possess fine native talent, and have already good reputations for so young men. By hard work, and broad culture they may stand as high as they please in their beautiful art.

"Crowned with the Tempest," never seemed grander; and as the last notes died away, we almost yearned to hear them again. This solo was done well by Mr. COLBY, who is the Director of the Institute, and a thing done well is a rarity in music, as everywhere else. This much for the Concert that was a joy and a delight to us, as the Schiller Festival will be to you to-day.

BERG.

LOUISVILLE, KY., NOV. 11.—I am sure that nowhere could the centennial anniversary of the birth of the poet, philosopher, patriot and earnest hearted man have been celebrated with more enthusiasm than was shown last night by the Germans of Louisville.

The hall was festooned with evergreens; the stage was a complete parterre of flowers and plants, with statues and busts and emblematical scenery. In the centre of the stage was a portrait of SCHILLER; above was suspended three shields; on one the date of the birth, on the others the names, of MARTIN LUTHER, the immortal reformer, and ROBERT BLUM, the patriot of 1848, who was executed by the cowardly tyrant of Austria. On the right of the stage was the German tri-color—black, red and orange, and on the left the stars and stripes. On each side of the hall were the names of many of the famous German scholars, poets and philosophers, wreathed with evergreen. The exercises of the evening commenced by an overture, very finely played by a full orchestra. Then followed choruses by the Orpheus and Liederkreis societies; an oration by Prof. SCHENCK; the unveiling of Schiller's portrait; the reading of FERDINAND FREILIGRATH's noble poem; declamations in costume from "Wallenstein's Camp" and "Karlshüler;" [concluded by other choruses very finely and effectively sung.]

Thus ended the memorial day of the one all Germans delight to love. There was little in the position of the boy born so many years ago, to make any one ever dream that after a century had passed away, the name of Johanno Christoph Friedrich von Schiller would be inseparably associated with the highest, holiest and sweetest strains ever sung, that all people would learn from him by poetry, philosophy, and more than all by the example of his pure and noble life; for there never throbbed a heart more full of love and sympathy for the entire human race than that which beat in the bosom of the man whom

"The world will not willingly let die."

E. P. K.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 19, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera, *Don Giovanni*, as arranged for the Piano-Forte.

The Schiller Festival.

The afternoon of Wednesday, Nov. 10, 1859, will henceforth stand as one of the most beautiful, significant and perfect of the many inspiring celebrations with which Boston memories are fraught. Though this was the one hundredth birth-day of no American, but of a German poet, yet the very fact that he was a Poet in the truest sense, a poet in his life, a poet of the human heart, its holiest, highest, inmost aspirations, a poet of Freedom, who by his life and by his song, by his sublime philosophy and his example, his ambitions and his friendships, did so much to quicken and to keep alive in all his brethren (not limited to Fatherland) a true sense of the dignity of Man, and of the glorious privilege of life, when animated by right aims,—this fact, coupled with the fact of the great and growing affinity of thought and sentiment between the Germans and ourselves, and the providential mingling of the German element in those early stages of the growing up of our New World unto the stature of the perfect Man,—made it a festival in which all enlightened Americans could join almost as heartily as Germans. And truly there was great significance in the fact, that a Poet, a Thinker, an Ideal Enthusiast could command all over the civilized world such a commemoration and homage as no one ever dreamed of offering to any king, or warrior, or man in power of any age or nation. The people in the long run know their benefactors; and though the artist and the poet may in

their life-time be poor pensioners and dreamers, yet it is certain that at last the Shakespeares, and the Dantes, and the Schillers, and the Beethovens, and the Michael Angelos, will loom up as the great men of history, above forgotten crowds of conquerors and princes, the mere worldly great.

The was great propriety, too, in making this at once a literary and a musical occasion. Those highest instincts of humanity which glow in Schiller's eloquence, are just the burthen and the meaning of all Music. And therefore we should have been glad, had it been practicable, to have had the statue of Beethoven, which presides over all the noble music in our Hall, full in view with that of Schiller: who could have failed to recognize in them two noble prophets, though in different tongues, of the same glorious gospel of Humanity! But to have done this would have involved a much larger scale of decoration than was then possible, in order to place things in their right relations; so that the decorative committee showed their good taste and judgment in making Schiller the central and sole figure. And the arrangement was admirable. From the rear of the stage arose a large frame draped in folds of yellow, crimson and dark purple (suggesting the national tri-color), and festooned with wreaths of evergreens and flowers; and in the centre stood a colossal statue of Schiller, beautifully imitated in fresco, by Herr Schutz, an artist of this city, from the Goethe and Schiller group at Weimar. Upon the white base were the words:

F. V. SCHILLER, 1759 AND 1859.

The Music Hall was filled to its utmost capacity by the most cultivated audience which Boston, Cambridge and vicinity could furnish—by far the larger portion being Americans, invited guests of their German fellow-citizens. The Philharmonic Orchestra, unusually full in numbers, under the lead of CARL ZERRAHN, opened the festival at 4 o'clock with Beethoven's third overture (in C) to *Leonore*;—the grandest of all overtures, the most exciting and inspiring by its pathos, its dramatic progress, and by that vivid representation which it gives of humanity in its prison bonds, cheered by high heroic hopes, and then the far off trumpet sound of deliverance, and the triumph of love and jubilee of freedom, which made it a fit opening for a Schiller Festival. It was played very finely, for the musicians' hearts were in it. Never have we known an audience to listen more intently.

Prof. CHARLES BECK, the President of the day, then welcomed the audience in a few fitting words, in German, and introduced the first speaker, Dr. REINHOLD SOLGER, who gave, in German, a very sound, philosophical and clear-headed discourse on Schiller, speaking of the rare union of opposite stand-points in his remarkable friendship with Goethe; of the reproduction of the Kantian idealism in the poetic concrete form by Schiller; of his high humanitarian ideas and glowing eloquence for Freedom; and of the broad field open here in our New World for the realization in actual life and polity of the sublime ideas of the great German poet. He also alluded by the way to the affinity in spirit and in purpose of Schiller and Dr. Channing.

Next came the singing by the Orpheus Glee Club, strengthened by members of the Turner Club, so as to number fifty voices, of Mendelssohn's stirring music to a portion of Schiller's Hymn *An die Künstler* ("To the Artists.")

Mr. KREISSMANN conducted, and OTTO DRESEL played a brilliant grand-piano accompaniment, in lieu of Mendelssohn's brass instruments, which were found in the rehearsal to overpower this number of voices. It was splendidly sung and sent a thrill of pleasure through the audience. Prof. Beck then introduced to the audience the Rev. Dr. FREDERICK H. HEDGE, of Brookline, who made an admirable address in English. We have only room for the introduction and a few other striking passages.

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. HEDGE.

Mr. President:—My first thought as I look around on this assembly represents to me the astonishing progress made within my recollection in the knowledge and appreciation of German literature in this community. I recall the time when to the ear of Boston the name of Schiller was an empty sound, suggesting at the most, if anything was suggested by it, a questionable stage play—The Robbers, popularly ascribed to one "Schiller," which, together with the Sorrows of "Werter," represented the genius of Germany to our uneducated mind. There were scarcely at that time a dozen persons in this city who could read the language in which these works were composed, or judge of a German author otherwise than through the medium of a vicious translation. Two theories were then current respecting the German intellect, either of which might seem to justify the general neglect of its productions. They were not very congruous, indeed they flatly contradicted one another, but both coincided in their practical effect. The first, which I may style the ethnological, identified the Germans with the Dutch, confounding the people of the Uplands with the dwellers on the flats, old Father Rhine with his distant relations, the oozy Waal and the lazy Scheldt, and imparting to the countrymen of Hermann, of the Saxonian princes and the Minnesinger, of Gutenberg and Luther, the stolid phlegm and earthy grossness and the incorrigible bathos which the school geographies had taught us to consider as the proper attributes and inalienable portion of the Netherlander. Our other theory, which I will call the critical, assigned to the Germans the empire of the air, and ascribed to them such an irreclaimable affection for the upper regions,—such super-mundane and exorbitant idealism, such nebulous and meteoric proclivities as must needs cut them off from the sympathies of earth-born men. According to one theory these people were so heavily-moulded and muddy-brained, so hopelessly gross and dull, that English thought could not stoop to the level of their platitudes; according to the other, they were such highfliers, so ethereal and transcendental, that English thought could never reach their empyreal altitudes. These were our two theories about the Germans. We did not care to reconcile them; their agreement or non-agreement was not our concern; but between the two, between the earliness of the Germans and their airiness, we held ourselves religiously absolved from all obligation to study their writings.

* * * * *

We Americans, Mr. President, of the Anglo-Saxon lineage, your kindred by a common descent from the old Teutonic stock, your fellow-citizens by mutual adoption, are glad to unite with you in this celebration. Friedrich Von Schiller, whose centennial birth-day your country celebrates on this 10th November, has claims upon ours. He belongs to us by the universality of genius; he belongs to us by fellowship of spirit, by the great communion of that uncovenanted religion of truth and beauty of which he was a priest. That which is best in genius is that which is least local, national, and most universal. If you call Schiller yours by birth and language, we call him ours by those great ideas, those noble sentiments and beautiful images, whose circulation no idiom can determine and no territorial limits confine, which born in the narrow duchy of Weimar have pervaded civilized society and become a constituent of this human world no more to be separated from it than the salt from the sea or silex from the rock. That which made him the idol of Germany has made him the joy of the earth. Your gods are our gods, we have glowed with you over the Marquis Von Posa, and wept with you at the loves of Thekla and Max Piccolomini, and triumphed in the girl of Dom Remi. Our hearts, like yours, have thrilled with the ode of joy and vibrated to the song of the bell.

I am not here to gauge the genius of Schiller by the cannon of poetic art. Were I competent to such a task, my business here is not to criticise but to bring an offering, to voice the tribute of this assembly to

one of the heroes of the intellectual world. In doing so I discharge a personal debt. It fell to my lot to be brought in communion with the genius of Schiller at the most susceptible period of life, he was the poet that first found me, my first poetic revelations were from him.

Des Lebens Mai blüht einmal und nicht wieder. Life has but one spring and the poets who speak to that period, and from that period stir us as no subsequent poetry can. Whatever may be the verdict on the whole, the final and resultant verdict which criticism shall pass on the poetry of Schiller, it will be allowed that no poet has spoken with such spirit-stirring power to the young. I venture to call him the most eloquent of poets. Poetry and eloquence, in their proper essence, are quite distinct; the latter is by no means an invariable accompaniment of the former, and many of the greatest poets, like Wordsworth and Milton and Goethe, have been without it. It is not the highest element in poetry, but it is that which speaks most emphatically to the heart of youth. Byron more than Wordsworth is the poet of the young. Schiller, in early life, abounded in this quality, even to excess. Like Byron, he was the poet of passion more than of thought. The truth of his vision was eclipsed by the fire of his verse as a conflagration puts out the stars.

I will say this furthermore of the poet whom we celebrate, that of all your poets he is at once the most national and the most cosmopolitan. Independently of his great merits, his early and widespread and long continued popularity is partly due to the fact that he was the first who spoke to the universal heart of Germany, as it were from its own plane eliciting a full and sincere response to his verse. He has done more than any other poet to awaken and cherish the national consciousness. Lessing and Herder wrote for scholars. Klopstock was strong of wing but dull of heart and feeble in sympathy; he left his country behind him in his flight. Schiller it was who first struck the sympathetic chord which vibrated from the Danube to the Weser, he first supplied the electric spark to the popular enthusiasm which had slumbered since the peace of Westphalia. Since Luther, no writer had come so near the heart of the people,—the poet of Protestantism, as Luther was its prophet. At the same time he is of all your poets the least idiomatically and exclusively German, the most translatable into other tongues, the most intelligible to other nations, the easiest naturalized in foreign lands. The French, in the first burst of their revolutionary enthusiasm voted him a citizen of their republic, he has made himself a citizen of the world. Denmark, in his illness, granted him a pension, the civilized earth has granted him a monument, and united with us in this celebration.

It is right and fit that we especially, as American freemen, should celebrate this day. All the liberty we enjoy, we owe indirectly to our German descent. Two races divide the Christian world, the Roman and the German. The one since Augustus represents dominion, the other freedom. It is the German blood in us—that element which at two most memorable points in the world's history repelled and baffled the Roman sway, once on the banks of the Lippe, and once in the counsel hall at Worms—this element it was that emancipated our fathers from ecclesiastical dictation in the old world, and colonial exaction in the new. And here I am reminded of another birthday which this 10th of November couples in beautiful harmony with that of Schiller. The day we celebrate is the birth anniversary of a greater than Schiller, and without whom no Schiller would have been, and no New England and no American independence; of one to whom modern society is indebted as to no individual else; whose words were lightnings, and whose thoughts were things: in naming whom I seem to myself to name the very genius of Germany and of intellectual freedom;—Germans, Americans, whatever has Saxon blood in its veins; whatever has the breath of liberty in its nostrils, I claim your grateful homage for the name of LUTHER. [Great applause.] And Schiller is eminently the poet of liberty. Defiance of despotism, impatience of unjust and pernicious restraint appears conspicuous in every page in his writings. Freedom was the breath of his nostrils, the atmosphere of his Muse, the inspiration of his genius.

The allusion to Luther was a surprise to most of the assembly, and was received with unbounded enthusiasm.

The second part of the entertainment began with Mozart's overture to the *Zauberflöte*, played with such clearness of outline, such fine blending of tone-colors, and such *verve*, as we have never heard it here before. This, too, was a fit sugges-

tion of another phase of the Poet's life,—the purely imaginative, the free, ecstatic element of genius. Next came the fervent and beautiful tribute to Schiller, in English, intermixed with citations from his poems in the original, by Prof. EMANUEL VITALIS SCHERB, ending with the following eloquent passage:—

It is this religion in him which prompted the most melodious of his lyrics, which created the most beautiful of his ballads, which inspired with noblest self-devotion the heroic breast of Posa, which sweetened for Max and Thekla that bitterest last moment of life-long parting with the assured faith that true love can never part; which sanctified the last hours of the erring Mary Stuart, and opened heaven with all its glories to the dying eyes of Joan of Arc. It is this precisely which makes him so dear to the heart of his nation, which—all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding—has already been and still is—a truly religious one. It is this which already, while he was still on earth, imparted to him, in spite of sickness and sorrow, that beauteous bloom of spiritual youth, which in a loftier sphere he now is enjoying for ever. Behold him! He is still the same pure and noble, ardent and tender, loving and believing spirit, only peacefuller and happier, and he still calls out to us those divine words which were the last message of the dying Posa to his dearly beloved Karl, and which we may consider as his (Schiller's) last will and message to us:

"O bleibe treu den Träumen deiner Jugend!"

Let us then accept this his last will and message; let us follow his call; let us remain true to the noble and generous impulses of our youth, in order that we enjoy with him a youth eternal. Only thus can we honor him by honoring ourselves. Thus and thus only will this day, which already draws to its close, this festival which will soon be among the tales that are told, not have passed away without bearing some fruits, without doing some good. Thus, but thus only, will the pure and lofty spirit whom we meant to honor, be pleased with our homage, and in the joy of seeing his work prosper on earth, benignantly smile on us from his celestial heights.

Mr. Scherb then delivered the following original poetical apostrophe to Schiller, turning to the statue. As he closed the orchestra struck up a flourish, and the enthusiasm of the audience reached the highest point:—

Geistes adler, stolz und prächtig,
Ewig schön und ewig jung,
Mit den Schwingen, stark und mächtig,
Glühendster Begeisterung—
Du, des riesenhaften Streben
Kühn des Schicksals Macht bezwang,
Und aus engem dumpfen Leben
Frei zum Ideal sich schwang—
Edelster von Deutschland's Söhnen,
Singer mit den Herzenssternen,
Du der Liebhaber der Kamoenen,
Priester du des Ewig-schönen—
Theurer Schiller, lebe hoch!

The fiery lyrical transport of Mendelssohn's "Bacchus Chorus," from the "Antigone" of Sophocles, sung by the Glee Clubs, with orchestral accompaniment, and Weber's swelling "Jubilee Overture," brought the feast to a grand conclusion, and in the right tone. The festival was a complete success, and we must congratulate and thank our German brethren.

Mr. Keyzer's Concert.

The stormy weather of Saturday did not prevent a large attendance at the Farewell Benefit of our old friend. We should have been more happy to have seen the Tremont Temple quite full; but what was wanting in numbers, over and above the goodly number present, was in one sense made up by the character of the assembly, which was such as must have gladdened the heart of the concert-giver, and have made him feel that his long labors in the cause of high and classical Art are not forgotten now, in his old age, among the cultivated friends of music.

The concert went off well, and gave much satisfaction; many of the pieces exciting warm applause. The two double quartets by the lamented SPOHR (the news of whose death had not reached many of that audience), were smoothly and elegantly rendered, Mr. Keyzer himself taking the first violin part, which

is very *obligato* in Spohr's music, and showing himself remarkably retentive of his mastery in such work, and Messrs. SCHULTZE, MEISEL and FRIES completing the first quartet, and Messrs. F. SUCK, EICHLER, ZOEHLER and A. SUCK, the second. Spohr's music is always elegant, and masterly in form and structure; but the world finds it not inspiring; it grows monotonous; and lacks the fire of genius. The last movement of the last of the two quartets (No. 3) was the most interesting of the whole. In Rode's famous Air with Variations, in Quartet form (the air that Sontag used to sing), Mr. Keyzer played the *obligato* (almost *solo*) violin with excellent delicacy and finish.

Miss ABBY FAX displayed the bird-like facility of her beautiful voice in the "Venzano Waltz" and the "Echo Song," in which she seems more at home than in the *cantabile* style of the Largo from *Maria di Rohan*. Mrs. HARWOOD sung *Dove sono* by Mozart, and (for the first time here) a dramatic melody by Rossini, which did not strike us very characteristically Rossini-ish. The singer's lower and middle tones are exceeding rich and beautiful; there is still some hardness about her brilliant upper notes; but she has gained in execution so as to stand fairly in the very front rank of our concert singers. The Trio: "Lift thine eyes from *Elijah*," was sung by the three boys from the choir of the Church of the Advent, not without much of the old charm, and certainly vastly to the delight of the general audience, who insisted on a repetition; but the rendering was unfortunate in one respect, that of a constant wavering of pitch. Master F. WHITE's silvery soprano is as pure and beautiful as ever. Mr. CARL HAUSE showed an astonishing degree of brilliant execution in a *Caprice* for the piano, of his own composing.

Musical Chit-Chat.

This evening we are to have the first Classical Concert of the season, under the excellent auspices of JULIUS EICHBERG and HUGO LEONHARD, at the Meissona, who offer such a programme from the highest masters as we seldom get. It includes three works by Bach, (who is so seldom heard, and whom it is most clearly for the interest of all true music-lovers to omit no opportunity of hearing), viz.: a Piano-forte Concerto, a tenor song (by Mr. KREISSMANN), and the *Chaconne* for Violin, which Mr. EICHBERG plays so admirably. Also a Sonata (for Piano and Violin) by Beethoven, pieces by Chopin and Schubert (LEONHARD and DRESEL), songs by Franz, &c. We anticipate unalloyed pleasure. . . . Next Tuesday evening, at the same place, the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB open their *eleventh series* of eight Chamber Concerts. The Club are fortunate in having secured the assistance of Mme. ABEL, of whose skill and pure artistic tone as a pianist, and of whose private worth we have had repeated assurance from those whose judgment we esteem most among those who know her in New York. A notice of her antecedents will be found in another column. She will play the "Kreutzer Sonata" with Mr. SCHULTZE, and a Polonaise by Chopin. The Club will introduce us to another one of the later Quartets of Beethoven, No. 11, in F minor, and will play Mendelssohn's Quintet in A, op. 18. . . . Next Saturday evening Mme. ABEL will give a Concert in her own name. . . . The HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY are early in the field; they announce a performance of Handel's "Samson"—always a popular Oratorio—for Sunday evening, Nov. 27, with the assistance of Madame ANNA BISHOP (!), who is once more in this country, and is said to retain her remarkable powers wonderfully well. We shall at all events hear the most finished and artistic of English soprano singers.

The Fair, for raising funds to enable Mr. THOMAS BALL to throw into colossal bronze his noble model of an equestrian statue of WASHINGTON, to be placed on Boston Common, is now in progress at the Music Hall. The scene presented is most beautiful, as it needs must be when HAMMATT BILLINGS is designer of the decorations and entire arrangement. The articles exposed for sale, the sellers, and the company of buyers or of lookers on, are all as inviting as could well be imagined: while the object is one which every man, woman and child in Boston, and in New England, should feel a pride in helping on to its accomplishment.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The last week has not been particularly fertile of notable events, either in the musical or dramatic regions. Almost the only fact of importance is the debut of two new tenors, M. Sapin at the Grand Opéra and M. Lucien Bourgeois at the Théâtre Lyrique. The latter is a pupil of the Conservatoire, who, having gone through the accustomed ordeal of passing a year or two on the various stages of Italy, obtained an engagement in New Orleans, whence the fame of his powers had been wafted to his native land in so highly spirited a condition that it induced the enterprising director of the Théâtre Lyrique to offer the young tenor an engagement on terms not usually commanded by *débütants*. The opera chosen for his first appearance is Adolph Adam's charming work, *Si j'étais Roi*, which was revived expressly for the occasion. M. Bourgeois, although proving himself an aspirant of high promise, and capable of enlisting the sympathy of his audience, by no means justified his claim to step at once into the brilliant position to which he has suddenly been promoted.

At the Italian Opera *La Traviata* has been succeeded immediately by *L'Italiana in Algeri*, with Madame Alboni in Isabella, than whom no living singer is so thoroughly imbued with the traditions of the school of singing to which the part belongs, while the unrivalled flexibility of her voice can alone give due effect to her knowledge. I consider I am paying a high compliment to the taste and judgment of the Parisians by recording the enthusiasm with which they received this accomplished artist. *Il Giuramento*, which was discontinued last season to the apparent gratification of the musical cognoscenti of Paris, is again brought forward this season, Alboni, Penco, and Graziani being its chief support. The part of Viscardo, played last year by Ludovico Graziani, is now confided to a *débütante*, Signor Morini, a German who conceals the ungraceful patronymic *Schumpf* behind this euphonious *nom de théâtre*. He acquitted himself satisfactorily, and was well received, but though he sings with taste, his voice, like that of his predecessor, is deficient in power. It is said that the *Crociato*, the foundation-stone of Meyerbeer's reputation, which was to have been produced this season, will be postponed till next year, the *maestro* being impressed with the necessity of thoroughly revising and remodelling the text of this early work.

Having just mentioned Adolphe Adam, I am reminded of a musical event to which I omitted to refer at the time (a fortnight since), viz., the distribution of the grand prizes for the best compositions at the Académie; the ceremony being presided over by M. Halévy, the perpetual secretary, who read on the occasion a very interesting memoir on the life and works of the celebrated composer of *Le Châlet*. The account given of the progress made by the students during the preceding academical session was in the highest degree satisfactory. The proceedings terminated by the execution of the operatic scene on which the first grand prize had been conferred. It was entitled *Bajazet et le Joueur de Flûte*, and is the work of a youth twenty-two years of age, a native of New Orleans, and who, in the words of the report drawn up by M. Halévy, one of his instructors, promises to become a distinguished composer.

One of the topics of the day in musical circles is the intended erection of a new building for the Académie Impériale, its present local habitation in the Rue le Pelletier having been merely provisional, though dating as much as thirty-nine years back. The Emperor's signature has not yet been obtained to the projected undertaking, but as the site fixed upon is the one formerly chosen by himself, when consulted on the subject some years since, it is expected that the imperial sign-manual will not be withheld. The proposed building of a new opera-house forms a part of the general plan for the improvement of Paris. All the houses between the Chaussée d'Antin, and the Passage Sandrier are to come down, the Rue Bassée du Rampart is to be razed to the level of the surrounding ground, and a wide area would thus be obtained, which is to be converted into an open square, one extremity of which—that farthest from the boulevards—is to be occupied by the new theatre. On this public space two principal streets will open out, one leading to the Havre railway station, to be called Rue de Rouen, the other forming a continuation of the Rue la Fayette, and reaching to the Northern railway station. It is calculated that six months will be required to complete the process of expropriation and the subsequent demolition of the houses within this area, and another eighteen months to finish the new building. The establishment in the Rue le Pelletier is therefore safe in its present quarters for the next two years at least. As yet it has not been settled whether the contem-

plated improvements are to be carried out exclusively at the expense of the city of Paris, or whether the State will contribute a share of the cost. The latter will probably be the case. It is stated that the new structure will cost ten million francs, (£400,000), and some idea of the cost of the entire operation of transferring the Grand Opéra to its proposed new quarters may be formed by the estimate given for a single item, namely, 1,000,000 francs, or £40,000, for the removal and adaptation of the scenery alone to the new stage. The dimensions of the theatre will rival those of the Scala at Milan, and the San Carlo at Naples, the Parisians considering themselves entitled to possess the largest theatre in the world.—*Correspondence of London Musical World.*

MADRID.—The Theatre Royal opened on Thursday, (6th inst.) with great *clat*. The House was crowded; Prince Adalbert of Bavaria was in the royal box, the majority of the ministers, the members of the diplomatic corps, the highest public functionaries, and the great aristocratic families were all present: *Norma* was the opera. Grisi was Norma, Mario Pollio, Mdlle. Calderon Adalgisa, and M. Bouché Oroveso. Mario and Mdle. Calderon were recalled at the end of their duet. After the duet between Norma and Adalgisa, in the second act ("Deh con te") some murmurs of dissatisfaction proceeded from the upper galleries; Md. Grisi naturally appeared hurt, and malevolence attributed to her certain observations behind the scenes, that it is impossible to believe she could have made. Rumors of what she had said, calumniously exaggerated (supposing her to have really said anything objectionable), soon circulated among the audience. The excitement was at its height when Mad. Grisi reappeared before the footlights, and she had to submit to a reception at once revolting to her pride as an artist, and as a woman. The day after this incident she addressed to the public the following manifesto:

"TO THE PUBLIC OF MADRID."

GRISI.

"I am accused of having been wanting in respect towards the public, a charge which afflicts me to such a degree that I cannot refrain from endeavoring to prove it false.

"During my artistic career I have always had the happiness to appreciate and feel deeply the generous welcome I have received in all the theatres where I have sung. I therefore accepted with pleasure an engagement for the Theatre Royal in Madrid, assured of being able to fulfil my contract, and counting upon the indulgence of the Madrid public. Thus confident, I expected to find on my first appearance upon the boards that indulgence which the chivalrous Spanish nation accedes to every artist; but my surprise was great when, before once hearing me, a small part of the public gave signs of discontent during the whole of the first act.

"I frankly own that these facts have given me extreme pain, and that, but for the gallant and protecting welcome of the rest of the public, I should have been unable to get to the end of the performance. I must, therefore, entreat their pardon for such a display as I was enabled to make under the circumstances. Far be it from me to think of reproaching the public of Madrid, which I have always known how to appreciate; and if I had been allowed to speak, I should have said: 'Gentlemen, hear me with indulgence, and if, after having sung, I have not the good fortune to please you, I will bow to your judgment, and throw up my engagement.' I could not, of course, have continued to sing before a public whose approbation I had not merited."

"Accomplishing a sacred duty, I have addressed this plain statement to the public, certain that it will be appreciated for what it is worth, and intending to obtain from the public itself my justification.

Madrid, Oct. 7, 1859.

Its servant,

GIULIA GRISI."

There are not wanting among the staunch advocates of Mad. Grisi those who hint at the possibility of M. Calzado, lessee of the Italian Opera in Paris, being in some measure implicated in this affair. It is well known that M. Calzado made every effort to induce Mario to renew his engagement *en blanc*; and that the haughty tenor declined every proposal in consequence of the ungentlemanly treatment to which Madame Grisi had been exposed the year previous. M. Calzado is a Spaniard, and doubtless has his emissaries at Madrid. It is difficult otherwise to explain the behavior of the Madrid public with regard to the unfortunate "Diva."—*Ibid.*

MILAN.—The opera most recently produced at the Scala for the edification of the Zouaves and Turcos was Rossini's *Matilda di Shabran*, with Mad. Ottolani Vallandris (one of Mr. Lumley's importations) as Matilda. The buffo was bad, the tenor mediocre, the contralto insignificant, the whole performance being very much like an "off-night" at Mr. E. T. Smith's. Moreover, the Milanese will not hear of *Matilda*, which is, according to them, "dull, rooco, and not at all in the advanced spirit of the times." Nothing, in fact, but Verdi will go down, in most parts of Italy at present. By the way, Verdi has positively abandoned composition, and the owner of the three splendid villas on the Lake of Como (*Ernani*, *Trovatore*, and *Rigoletto*)—named after the operas with the profits of which they were built)—viz.: Mr. Ricordi, the music publisher—must look out for some

new mine of wealth. The ballet at the Scala, named *Cleopatra*, is a magnificent and gorgeous display of native arms and legs, and fully atones, in the eyes of the French "military," for the extreme dullness of the opera. Those who come to Italy in search of music will return home bitterly disappointed.—*Ibid.*

Special Notices.

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An exceedingly comic song which the students at Harvard College have made quite familiar in this vicinity. It is ingeniously made up from portions of Longfellow's well-known poem *Excelsior*, and the refrain of an old German student song, from which also most of the music is taken.

The Savoyard's return. Song. L. Williams. 30

Imitative of the native lays of Tyrol, like "Blanche Alpen," or the "Switzer's farewell." Very pretty.

The wizard on the mountain. (Le vieux sorcier.) "Pardon de Ploermel." 25

A charming arietta in D minor for mezzo-soprano, sung by Linorah.

I shall again behold. (La rivedrai nell'estasi)

"Masked Ball." 25

You'd fain be hearing. (Saper vorreste.) " 25

Two songs from Verdi's latest, and, as some say, his best opera, which, according to trustworthy reports from Italy, eclipses all of this composer's former efforts. The opera is withheld by the author from the public at present, but will probably be produced next season in Paris and London simultaneously. The first of the above songs is a romance for tenor, written in a vigorous, declamatory style, very effective; the other a charming cabaletta, which, in due time, will be sung and played as much as "La donna è mobile," or the "Prison Song." Several other pieces will immediately follow.

Instrumental Music.

Overture Fra Diavolo, by Auber, arranged for four performers on two pianos. 1,50

One of the most taking overtures of the theatre or concert room, arranged effectively for use in music schools or seminaries. It is one of the easiest of the series of eight-hand overtures, issued by the same publishers, which contains besides the above, the Overtures William Tell and Zampa.

Domino noir Waltz. James Bellak. 15

Prison Song in "Trovatore." " 15

Two new numbers of that favorite set for juvenile performers, "Chit-chat."

Highland Fling, with Variations. E. Marquis. 40

A standard melody, prettily arranged. The Variations might have been written by Valentine or White, who used to be famous for their smart variations, so similar are they in style to them.

Upward the flames roll. (Stride la vampa.) Varied. Charles Grobe. 35

A good arrangement of medium difficulty, containing the air, one variation, and a brilliant Finale.

Books.

THE MODERN SCHOOL FOR THE DRUM. Containing full instructions and a choice collection of music for the Fife and Drum. By O. W. Keach and B. A. Burditt. 50

This is the most thorough work of the kind published, and presents, in a concise and agreeable manner, all information necessary for the learner, with exercises and music useful not only to beginners but to practised players.

